

Good Morning 731

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Some Family Jokes for A.B. Ron Callaby

WE called on your people, A.B. Ronald Callaby, at 14, High Park, Little Massingham, King's Lynn, at just the right moment for a cup of tea, though it was only two in the afternoon. Your Dad was leaving as we gingerly walked past Danny, the excellent watch dog.

We were glad to see Mr. Callaby because we were not at all sure if Danny liked "Good Morning" people. When told we were not too bad he was all wriggles in a doggy welcome. Dad was soon back from getting the sows in, so we got down to the tea and a talk.

But first we took a photograph and hope they look as well as they all are. All that is except brother Alec, and the reason for holding up one leg, is that he got bitten by a monkey. For some days this was rather bad, but he was getting near recovery when we saw him.

At a circus he walked past a monkey chained to a stake who was apparently in a vicious temper. Now the poison is out and swelling down.

Our idea was to get a message for you from each one, so we started with Dad and finished with your very pretty little niece Pat. She's a fine child for a year and five months.

Here's Dad. He has two new Red Polls and eight goslings which he hopes will be laying large-size eggs ready for you when you come home. A general laugh here—there seems to be a family joke or something about you and eggs.

Dad also said the garden was doing fine—this caused another all-round laugh, especially

from Mother. Another family joke! We gathered gardening was not your father's favourite pastime.

Mother, of course, sends her love. She wonders if the home letters are getting to you all right. Your last letter came on June 15, but no doubt they will hear again before you see this.

Audrey's message was something about finding a table tennis ball. She says you will know what she's hinting at. Now, who did lose it and who said it went in the fire?

Young Alec thought you would be interested to know he intends to be a tractor driver. Boys of 10 have these ideas!

No doubt it originated when he and his pal Fernley Skipper, also aged 10, started and drove a tractor out of a garage. Smart, but a dangerous thing for two kids to do. And what a good thing the steep uphill stopped the tractor for them!

Little Pat, asked to give a message, said "Auntie gone in pop-pop." This interpreted by Audrey means your A.T.S. Sister Grace drives a car.

By the way, Grace expects to be out by Christmas.

Of course, Grannie sends her love. For 90 she keeps fairly well.

In case you don't know, Audrey expects her husband home at the end of July from Germany. Then there was the wedding, on July 11, of Youngs George. But you knew this was coming off. At first we wrote George Youngs, seems strange it is the other way round.

Well, that's about all from your very nice family, Ronald. Danny's tail wagged splendidly to see us go.

WHAT lies behind to-day's powerful appeal for rhythmic music? Is it something relatively new? Did it begin with those mildly syncopated forms that floated up the Mississippi from the Negro southern States and gave Irving Berlin his ideas? Or does it reach back beyond that? Probably it reached very far back, for the rhythmic factor constitutes the oldest, the most fundamental element in music, its degree varying only as the need, down the centuries, has varied. The explanation of to-day's popular love of rhythm is simple.

In a new world, where life's whole routine is dominated by the machine, constant contact of the young with things mechanical can hardly fail to create a certain rhythm of the mind.

It is more than likely that dancing was one of the earliest human activities to be set to music. It may well have begun with some sort of cacophony in the Stone Age; at any rate, we have ample testimony of the use of pipe and dance by the Medes, Persians and early Egyptians.

Modern dancing dates from the years immediately preceding the first world war, when Irving Berlin wrote the tunes that rocketed Irene and Vernon Castle to fame in the dance halls of America—dance-songs made famous by their adaptation of the age-old musical movement to a modern rhythm: "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Hitchy Koo," "Everybody's Doing It."

DANCING TIMES.

The tunes were based—freely, of course—on the old planta-

tion melodies, and formed the musical background for the new "the dansant," which then became the rage.

Before this, nobody had thought much about dancing in the afternoon, but now stern business men began sneaking away early from the office. There was dancing between the courses at meals.

Soon all Europe, too, was in the grip of the frenzied rhythms that crossed the Atlantic, along with the new dances, the fox-trot, one-step, Charleston.

It was a musical form that had come to stay, and as it altered with the times, Irving Berlin kept pace with it, supplying hit after hit—"What'll I Do?" "Blue Skies," "How Deep is the Ocean," "Say It Isn't So."

Right down to the present time this man, once a humble waiter in a restaurant, catered unerringly for the popular taste.

His songs culminated in contemporary favourites like "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," and the complete musical fare for his all-Army show which scored big successes on both sides of the Atlantic.

Millions of Americans find an irresistible lure in the negro music from which Berlin drew his early inspiration—old spirituals, plantation ballads, and now the less easily understood over-synco-pated forms. Most of the all-black contingent that accompanied the American Forces to England, came from lands of bright, warm sunshine—Alabama, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky—and the special Army issue of six heavy blankets achieved little to make British barracks seem like home.

But it would take more than cold grey skies to stop these darkies singing. Many played some instrument, but they had left their banjos behind them.

So they went to the churches near their camps and thrilled the local congregations with the strength and fervour of Southern song.

If you lived in a locality where coloured troops were stationed, there would be many a week-day on which was heard echoing from the little old country church the measured rhythms of full-throated Negro spirituals—"All God's Children," "Deep River," "Go Down Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells."

SUNG BY COONS.

They have been sung the world over, these Negro classics, many of them vied in general popularity with other world favourites, though their authorship may have been lost in the mists of time. For many of them were, like legends, first sung by plantation composers who could never write them down.

Their fate is to travel on to posterity as "traditional airs," as is that of old negro ballads of the stamp of "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold Ground," "Old Folks at Home." Yet these, and their peers, once enjoyed favour relatively equal to almost any song hit you care to name.

Probably they will never fade out entirely, which is more than can be said of the bulk of the modern favourites.

When the body is irked, fatigued or distressed, it, like

the mind or spirit, specially welcomes enlivening music. Seamen in the wearisome sailing days sang shanties to ease the humdrum of the capstan. They sing them still; thus "Rio Grande," "Hullabaloo Balay," "Nancy Lee" and "Shenan-doah" share a place with the imperishables.

Cowboys and range-riders who sit all day in the saddle, have repertoires of songs appropriate to the perpetual jog-trot at which most of their lives are spent.



Big Bill Campbell and others constantly revive on our side of the Atlantic songs like "The Lonesome Trail," "The Strawberry Roan" and "She'll be Coming Round the Mountain," which are still the "pop. songs" they always were on the wide open spaces of the West.

SECOND CHANCE

ONE part of the British Empire did not need to declare war on Germany in 1939—it was already at war, though with no Army, Navy or Air Force of its own, and, for that matter, no desire to keep up the fight during the years of peace, it was content to let sleeping dogs lie.

When war broke out in 1914, the Government of the Isle of Man made a separate declaration of war, as was its custom and right when Britain herself declared war. For though the island is part of Britain for most purposes, it has its own constitution and its own Parliament—the House of Keys.

When the Peace Treaty was signed in 1919, the Isle of Man's right to sign the Peace Treaty was overlooked.

Whether the island will be given the chance to end her Thirty-one Years' War with Germany when the Peace Treaty for this war is signed remains to be seen.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

TEL. J. RODGERS, IT'S HAPPY RETURNS

MANY happy returns of your birthday, L-Telegraphist James Rodgers, from your Mum and Dad at Glenprosen Drive, Dundee, and here is a picture of them in the garden for you.

Your Mum was preparing to cook your birthday dumplings, so I watched with intense interest and got many cooking tips and several recipes into the bargain, writes "G.M." woman reporter.

Your Dad was quite content to sit by the fire with a cigarette and the evening paper, while your mother and I chatted about this and that and yourself.



Suddenly we were interrupted by a loud ringing at the door, and the shrill voice of a youngster pealed through the hall: "Can I come in, Mrs. Rodgers?" This was little Alistair Scott, who pays a daily visit to your house on the odd

chance that you might have arrived home unexpectedly!

Your Uncle Edward is expected home in September, and your pal, Gordon, wants you to hurry back as he has many things to talk over with you!

More Home Town Topics

ALTHOUGH there are about 8,000 families waiting for houses in Bristol, that doesn't mean that you will have to wait till 8,000 new houses are built. Newcomers to Bristol during the war are already moving out in considerable numbers, while hundreds, perhaps thousands, of houses which were damaged during the raids, are capable of reconstruction.

The municipality has a really formidable scheme for remedying the housing problem with the least possible delay. Apart from that, from what one sees of the few prefabricated houses that have already made their appearance in Bristol, they are not going to be so unpopular as many people anticipated.

AN organisation has just been set up in Bristol, unique of its kind, called the Family Guidance Centre, with headquarters in Park Street,

The president is the Bishop of Bristol, and Lady Inskip is one of the vice-presidents.

Its objects are to give advice to young people on the problem of marriage, sex education and the straightening out of the tiffs that married couples sometimes have.

It may or may not be a good thing, but so far, in the first six weeks of the Centre's opening, fourteen persons have sought the advice of the various experts who constitute the organisation.

Every rural area in Bristol district has announced the holding of horse gymkhanas, agricultural shows and ploughing matches so dear to the heart of the countryman—and to some of you, maybe.

There is good news for greyhound racing fans, too, if that is more in your line.

The attractiveness of that sport has been much watered down in wartime because it has always had to be done in daylight; but now flood-lit tracks are coming back once more, and more frequent programmes will be held in the autumn, while motor-cycling on the cinder-track is also being revived.

By next summer, it is hoped, county cricket championship matches will be possible. These concessions may not seem much when compared with pre-war standards, but it has to be remembered that a great many entertainment centres have gone in Bristol, and they will not be restored for some time.

Nevertheless, you will find the old city "the same dear old place." The girls are, as usual, taking notice of the men of the Navy, who have been coming here in fair numbers.

The Guaco

This 2-day story takes you to a wild land in South America where men are brave and conceited and the sharp-shooter lives longest

A DAY'S journey on horse-back south of the city of Panama is Tucumay. That was where Cherito came from. It was also where Almeric came from.

Tucumay is the place where the hawk country begins the Guaco country. It stretches from Tucumay right across the Colombia border to the shores of the great Magdalena river and all the way you find Guacos among the swamps and above the woods. They sit brooding gloomily on the next raids they will make on the poultry yards of the simple people and their cunning is only comparable to their persistence, for this bird of prey is almost human in its methods of vagabondage.

Cherito was big, powerful, relentless, cruel, conceited and a bully. Almeric was also tall, but he was a dreamer, something of a poet in his own way, a lover of birds and shy.

It was because of his shyness that Cherito had taken the girl Mercedes, from Almeric and had married her.

Almeric had come back from one of his forest expeditions to find that Mercedes was married to Cherito and all the life went out of him.

Everybody knew that Mercedes was not in love with Cherito, but he forced her father to agree to the wedding, and he brought her down to the rude settlement by the banks of the Magdalena and lodged her in a miserable hut and then went off on his wild carousals.

Bean collectors, when they heard that Cherito was in the forest, kept away from his tracks. Cherito carried a gun.

He no longer went after tonca-beans but had become a bird butcher. Because of this

he had been nicknamed The Guaco.

This was how things were when he came into the little saloon one day and shouted for a bottle of wine. The saloon was a mere shanty, built of logs, situated at the end of the settlement near the track to the village thirty miles off where the beans were sold, and where provisions were bought. About three hundred yards across the savannah a small church had been erected of corrugated iron sheets and timber.

Cherito in coming to the saloon had broken one of the church windows deliberately to show his contempt for the little, wrinkled priest who held confession every morning.

His gun was hanging at his hip when he called for the wine, and after he had paid for it, he drew his gun and shot the neck off the bottle at a distance of ten paces. The other men who were in the saloon clapped their hands and laughed at the performance; all except one man, who stood by the bar, with his arms resting on the top and his eyes on the woods beyond the door.

He had seen Cherito draw his gun and though the bullet had whizzed past his face out of the door he had not turned a hair. The man was Almeric. Cherito put his gun into its holster and marched up to Almeric, thrusting out his dark face aggressively.

"Well?" he said. "What bravery which he had shown window you broke on your road to do you mean by staring out of at first seemed to ooze out of him this saloon."

Almeric lifted his glass slowly and drank its contents before he answered.

"I was thinking," he said,

"that the pesos with which you paid for that wine are very like the pesos which were in the satchel of the sarrapiero, who was shot in the forest."

For a moment there was utter silence. The men in the saloon prepared to dive under the tables, for Cherito's hand had snapped back to his gun.

Those who held a hand of trumps dropped their cards and forgot about their luck in their anxiety to be out of range. For like the bird after which he had been named Cherito usually attacked wildly.

"Do you want to die?" asked Cherito in a terrible voice. "What safe. You are well named the is it to you where I get the pesos? Hawk."

I won them from the bean collector in fair gaming. Repeat two. "You, too, padre?" he queried.

"Do you also wish to die for your words?"

"I did not say you stole them," said Almeric, turning his head away. "I said the pesos were like those of the dead sarrapiero. You admit they were his. That was pointing straight at his breast."

"I suppose you will go on killing, Cherito, until some day a kill men for doing what you ask man with a quicker brain comes to them to do?"

"I kill those who insult me," growled Cherito. "Take care. I will not kill you yet, but I could if I wished. Do you admit that, you dreamy owl?"

As he spoke he lifted his foot and kicked Almeric with all his force.

Almeric did not move. The blow which he had shown window you broke on your road to do you mean by staring out of at first seemed to ooze out of him this saloon."

Almeric lifted his glass slowly and drank its contents before he answered.

"I was thinking," he said,

"Like you shot the poor sarrapiero in the forest?" came a voice from the doorway, and every eye turned in the direction to see the man who had hurled the accusation at the Guaco.

Cherito's gun was out, and his face was blazing. A cry went up from the tables.

Father Joseph, the priest who had built the tin church on the edge of the savannah, stood on the threshold.

"It's the truth, Guaco," came the calm voice again, thrilling the listeners. "You murdered the bean collector. Only the fact that we are far from civilisation makes you safe."

Cherito raised his gun an inch or two.

"You, too, padre?" he queried.

"Do you also wish to die for your words?"

The eyes of the old priest never left Cherito's face as he strode into the room and faced him. The gun was pointing straight at his breast.

"I suppose you will go on killing, Cherito, until some day a kill men for doing what you ask man with a quicker brain comes to these parts."

The head of Almeric raised itself slowly, and his eyes were on the calm, quiet face of the priest.

"What supposing I did kill him?" muttered Cherito. "He and I quarrelled. What have you come for?"

"I have come for the price of the window you broke on your road to do you mean by staring out of at first seemed to ooze out of him this saloon."

Cherito threw some coins on the counter.

"Take it, padre. But do not follow me again, or you may meet the fate of the sarrapiero in the forest. A priest does not even work for his living. If I am a hawk, you

are a crow. Take your money and go."

The old priest picked up the coins and hid them under his cloak.

"And now, Cherito, the Guaco," he said slowly, "I warn you before all men of the fate that awaits all Guacos when they are caught at their evil ways. They are hung over a slow fire, are they not? Only your gun stands between you and the punishment you deserve, and one day the gun will be useless."

You talk loudly, like all hawks. But the voice of the Pauji is its own death song."

He turned and walked from the saloon, and the hand of Cherito, which had been lowered, came up, gripping the gun.

He took aim at the back of the priest but his arm shook so much that he lowered his gun, raised it again, then lowered it once more. This time he thrust it into his holster and seized his wine bottle.

"I'll get him later," he muttered loud enough for Almeric to hear. "No man shall insult me and live."

Am I called the Hawk for nothing?"

He strode over to a table and planted his bottle down, claiming a place among the card-players. The company made room for him, and the stakes were re-arranged in silence.

Even these hardened hunters and trappers and sarrapieros thought that he had gone too far to threaten a priest who forgave them their sins.

No one looked in the direction of Almeric, who sat with head bowed on hands near the door. No one turned a head when he rose and went out into the fading sunlight.

The shadows of the trees lay long and flat across the open ground. Here and there the tonca beans were laid out on the roofs of the huts and on large, flat slabs of dry.

Almeric's mind was troubled, and he wondered at the injustice of things which had compelled Mercedes to marry Cherito, who had descended to become a mere bird butcher.

It was a lazy life and a cruel one, not like the work of the sarrapieros. All a bird butcher did was to sit under a tree in the gloom of the virgin forest and give the call of the owl, Come, come, come. The (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

time in Iceland behind or ahead of Greenwich time?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Rain, Snow, Frost, Sleet, Hail, Drizzle.

Answers to Quiz in No. 730

1. What is the difference between oscillate and osculate?

2. If you joined the R.Y.S., to what would you belong?

3. What does "thorpe" mean in town-names like Althorpe?

4. What was the original language of the New Testament?

5. By how many hours is others in England and Wales.

1. Annoy is to tease; aggravate is to make worse.

2. Urban District Council.

3. Place.

4. Hebrew.

5. Four hours behind.

6. Glasgow is in Scotland;

others in England and Wales.



"Have we got to go through this every Friday night, before I see your pay packet?"

Alex Crack

A farmer's wife had been greatly incensed at the small price she received for her eggs compared with the profits the retailer made. One day, before dispatching a crate of eggs, she wrote on one of them: "I got a halfpenny for this egg. How much did you pay for it?" adding her name and address.

A year later she received an answer: "My dear madam," wrote an actor, "while playing the part of 'Hamlet' recently I received your egg for nothing."

Barbara: "The butcher offered me his hand this morning, daddy."

Father: "The big scoundrel! How dare he—"

Barbara: "Oh, it's all right, dear. He tried to sell it to me with the turkey, but I made him take it off the scales."

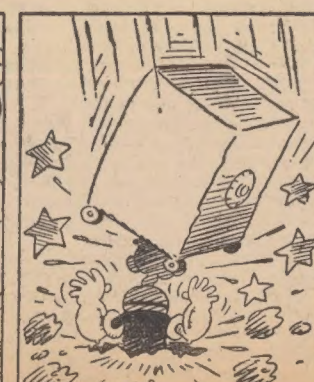
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 670

1. Behead a fish and get a riot.
2. Insert the same letter four times and make sense of: elieveyourigrothermyoy.
3. What woman in the Bible can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Though he only had a cold, he _____ attention.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 669

1. P-lane.
2. Never deny opinions you have once owned.
3. IVY.
4. Laces, scale.

JANE

THE GUACO

(Continued from Page 2)

getting to know the lovely things little glories of hummers, with and not even Cherito, who knew generations of grievances against them only to kill them, was so the murderous owl, would flock out able to imitate their call.

At first one would think it was a human voice raised in a peculiar intonation.

From Tucumay to the deep interior the hunters have a phrase by which they call the *Pauji*. It is known as the death song of the bird; and to even see a *Pauji* one must be very still while uttering the lugubrious chant, *El muerto esta aqui! El muerto esta aqui!*

That was what the priest had meant when he said to Cherito that the voice of the *Pauji* was its own death song. The chant of a courageous bird, fleet of foot, and the hunters is dismal enough. *El muerto esta aqui! The corpse lies here!*

Almeric had made friends with the *Paujis* down by the swamps. For several hours Almeric sat He had spent many months on a log by the swamp. He smoked

PUZZLE CORNER

Here are some hidden capitals of Europe. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you spot them?

P I H R N E
M A A N N W
V O R G O D
L A S B U A
W R E C O N
A I D S I W
M T S E A S

(Solution to-morrow)

many cigarettes and the darkness had laid a velvet mantle over the land and river when he at last stirred. The sound of footsteps on the track came to his ears.

He listened, his trained ear telling him what his eyes could not see. It was the tramp of the priest on his way to the village.

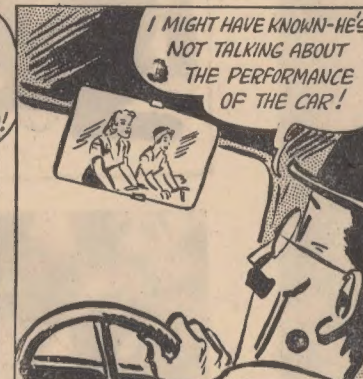
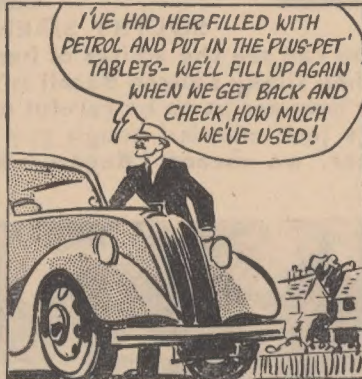
(To be continued).



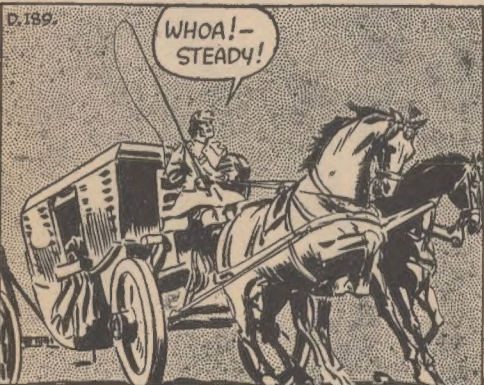
"To-morrow, will you wear your suit with the checks in it?"



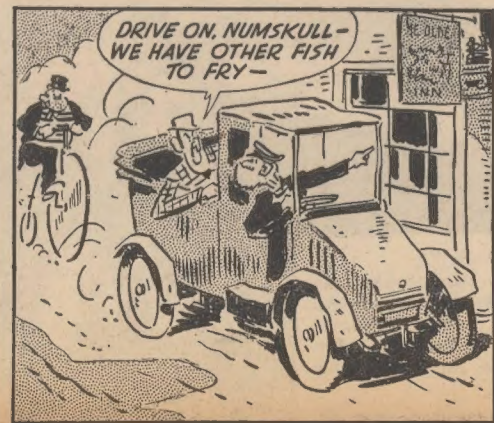
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

"I'll just give this old cooker a clean up," thought Mrs. Hancock, employed by the Chester Gas Company. She was about to put it into a boiler when she noticed some paper on one of the cooker's shelves. "Wonder what that is," she said as she pulled it out.

It was £65 in 10s. notes. It seems that Miss Beatrice Jones, of Brook Street, Chester, from whose home the cooker was taken, and who died recently, had used the old cooker as a home safe.

FIGHTING in the first world war, Driver Harry O'Brien, of Mowbray House, Fulford Road, York, picked up a wrist-watch on a French battlefield. It had an inscription inside: "D. Marshall, Sydney, Australia."

When he got home, he gave it to his three-years-old boy, Bernard. "Mummy," said Bernard, "I want to give that watch back to the man who lost it one day."

Petty-Officer Bernard O'Brien, aged 29, of the Fleet Air Arm, was due to go out East. He came across the old wrist-watch and remembered his vow. He sent it off to Sydney, Australia.

A few days ago a letter came to his home from the mother of "D. Marshall," thanking him for returning it. It was the only thing belonging to her son, killed in the first world war, that had ever reached her.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SOP SWEPT P
ERUPT WAIVE
RILE HERMIT
RELATE SEE
ALE RAKE WT
T YEARNED H
EH APSE AMI
ITS AWAKEN
PRETTY CORK
RENEW METRE
O TROOP AYR

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11		12	
13			14					
15		16		17				
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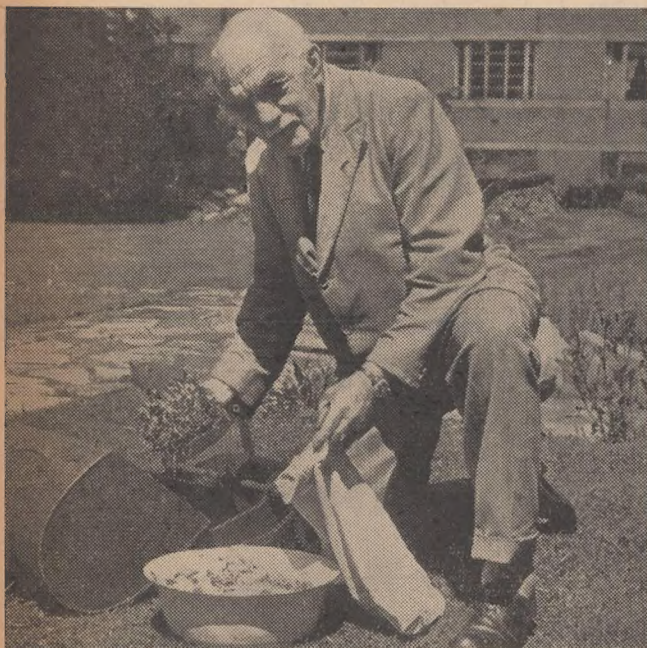
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Alloy. 6 Pottery. 10 Not strict. 12 Dog. 13 From. 14 Delight. 15 Sphere. 17 Part of table. 18 Dissolved. 20 Company. 22 Mount. 23 Sandy mound. 24 Fellow. 25 Soldier. 27 Tree. 28 Space of time. 29 Particular. 32 Note of music. 33 Preservative. 34 Beauty. 36 Result. 37 Fumble.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Flower. 2 Reinvigorate. 3 One. 4 Drink. 5 Vendor. 6 Deer. 7 Wealth. 8 Beetle. 9 Polisher. 11 Require. 16 Fish. 19 Light blow. 20 Soft cake. 21 Changes. 23 Bold. 24 Social class. 25 Vivacity. 26 Increase. 27 Number. 30 Shallow-vessel. 31 Dog. 35 Therefore.

Good Morning



THIS ANCIENT ISLAND.—An old stone bridge, over which the yellow-flowered stone-crop creeps, stands dreaming in the immemorial shade of a giant chestnut tree. A row of stone cottages huddle together in the lee of a tree-crowned hill. A pub, a village shop, a church—that is Castle Combe, lovely North Wiltshire village.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR (new style !)

The Bible tells us that old Neb did pretty well on a diet of grass, and it seems that he has followers in this day and age. Mr. Branson, of Clapham, S.W., is carrying on a campaign to persuade the public to eat grass to save shipping space. Here you see the Professor preparing his breakfast.



TEN-TON TESSIE—the pedigree pullet from Perthshire—lays prodigiously. Here you see Tessie with her fourteen eggs—each weighing over a quarter-of-a-pound—compared with a normal hen's egg; stick it, Tess—you'll solve the shortage yet!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Humphrey 'Bogus.' Oh, very good."



SULTRY SIREN.

"Shoot, now, you can see the whites of her eyes"—is what the director probably says when slinky Lauren Bacall is strutting her stuff before the camera. Still, it behoves us to be careful of what we say about the gal, seeing that she's just married tough guy Humphrey Bogus ("Sorry, mister, we meant 'Bogart,' honest we did.")



★ **"CALL ME A 'TAXI'-DERMIST!"**
The showroom of this taxidermist—the bloke that stuffs animals, for the backward members of the class—looks like a jungle when you enter. We, of course, sailed in on one of our bad mornings. We took one look at that pink elephant and promptly signed the pledge!